Long Distance Love

It wasn't a normal school year.
A book about Ivy's experience
with grief.

Jade Chandler

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-Swearing
-Suicide
-Slight mentions of self-harm
and is for ages 12 and up. If you
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Philip. Cute, silly, perfect for me. In the spirit world. This is going to be hard to explain, so we'll go from the beginning. I heard someone scream my name. Of course, it's my best friend Dawn again. "Ivy!" She ran up to me in front of the school. I rolled my eyes. "What now?" She smiled. "You, me, and Philip are going to be in all the same classes!" I was smiling, too, now. Philip? For real? And my best friend? What a coincidence! So far, 7th grade seemed like the best year ever. But it was far from that. Math was harder, reading had all these unnecessary notes, and they blocked me on all the games I tried to play on my computer. It sucked, but at least people were nicer than 6th grade. I'm ready for this, especially if I get to spend it with Philip...oh, and Dawn! She's my best friend since 5th grade. I just moved to here then, and she was the first one to talk to me. I was so excited, but also not, because it’s school and all. Anyways, let's get on with this...I'm just rambling at this point.

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when he's not. I froze up and tried to walk past hir
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I asked him what was wrong but all he said was "Why did this
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heavily. I don't know if this is a sign or something but I'm supe
fucking confused.
So it was like 6:00am when I woke up, and my mom usually g
up at like 7:00 so I was up EARLY. Which isn't a bad thing, be
I usually wake up late. I get some cereal, and I pour some milk
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My sleepy ass couldn't look at where I was pouring the milk. C
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Then we walked to class and listened to stuff about the tectoni plates or some shit like that. I don't really care. I already learn about the same shit last year, so it doesn't really matter.

We all walked into reading class...or as those nerds call it "English learning arts!" like anyone doesn't just call it reading-but anyways when we got seated our teacher was calling attendance. She got to Philip's name and he was absent, again. "Does anyone know what happened to Philip?" she asked, and a drop of sweat dripped over my face. I'm still worried about him. Me and Dawn played on one of those unblocked games websites since we could use our chromebooks, and I know we were supposed to do work but I don't give a shit!
Then Becky walked over to me. "Oh hey, you should be doing your work! Don't want Mrs.Haley to send you to redirect!" Then I retorted with "Bitch, you literally have your phone out making instagram posts, you can shut up before I redirect you to the emergency room!" Everyone laughed, a few looked at me angrily, but mostly people laughed. Then the teacher walked over to me.

"Missy, you can't be saying those words. If you can't be nice to your classmates then you'll be sent to ISS." "Okay, fine. But you're gonna act like she doesn't torment me every day?" "She does what? Stop with the accusations." Oh my god. This bitch is so annoying I swear to god she's a white Starbucks girl who listens to Taylor Swift.

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We played some games and scared little kids
in Brookhaven and then I left the room for a
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"FUCK! OH MY GOD."
I started sobbing. I leave for 20 minutes, and
this is what I see? Oh my god. Oh my god. I
can't get the picture out of my head.
I fell to the floor...

just as he did when I tried to hold him.
Was me here his only chance to do it? Did he

want me to be the one to see him one last time?

His body was not a great sight. I was here with him, yet I failed him. I failed myself. How could I not have noticed? How did I not stop him? I heard the door open, and the footsteps of his mom. I locked the door. I didn't want her to have to see her son like this.
I sat there, trying to find something to do. She came upstairs and knocked on the door. "Philip? Ivy?" I was sobbing quietly now. "Um, just...wait a minute." I really didn't want to but I had to carry his lifeless body off of the rope and into his closet. As I did, he fell to the floor. I had to drag it now. I put the rope in there too. "Hello, Mrs. Johnson." She looked around the room. "Hey, where is Philip?" "Oh he went to the bathroom." I made sure to lock the bathroom door from the outside with my fingernails before she would go check.
"Hey, I'm gonna go. I'm gonna go home." "Already? It's Friday, you can stay the night!" "I know, it's just...I'm gonna go."
I ran home just like after school.

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I scratched my arms trying to feel something. My mom's gonna be mad at me for that one but who cares. Everything is kinda numb after Philip died. His mom found out. I'm done for. I sat in front of my house waiting for the bus. How could I be here without him? I sat next to Dawn, because she lived near me and she decided to wait for the bus with me. "Hey, what's on your mind?" I just looked away and stayed silent. I felt a lump in my throat as I tried to not let any tears escape my eyes. The bus arrived and I sat down next to a random guy. Then I realized, fuck, that's not a random guy, that's Andrew. I scooted away and tried to sneak onto another seat before the bus driver noticed. Once we got to school I couldn't focus on my schoolwork. I just kept thinking,
I could've stopped this.
It was in the middle of math that I was doodling on my paper and suddenly got a flashback to the dream. "Why did this have to happen? Why am I here?" it played in my head over and over again. Why did this have to happen? Why am I here? Why did this have to happen? Why am I here? "Ivy, get back to working. You can't focus in any class!" Becky said, passing out more papers, going by my desk.

I was walking to PE when Dawn stopped me.
you haven't been talking to me lately. Please,
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"Ivy." I was at home now and I heard a voice whispering my name. I'm probably just being delusional. "Ivy, you're not being delusional. Also I can hear your thoughts." Oh shit. It knows how weird my mind is. "Yeah, I do. You're kinda weird." "I know." "Just kidding, I'll try to be nice. I'm a good spirit. You should come with me to the spirit world to get your boyfriend back from the dead. I wonder why he did it?" "Stop. Don't say that. Wait. I can bring him back?" "You only have a few more days left before his funeral, and when his funeral happens, he's like, completely dead and there's no turning back." "Ok, so how do I do that?" "Just come with me and I'll explain it. Hold onto my hand." "How do I know I should trust you?" "Just come on. It's your last chance." I was hesitant. I just met this ghost. But if I really want Philip back, I had to. As I tried to think, it kept whispering in my ear. "Do it." I sat on my bed for a few minutes before I made the decision. "Ok." "Just come with me, I'll stop listening to your thoughts now."

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totally different world. It was black and grey with
purple streaks of nothing across the sky. It was
beautiful. Then I fell to the ground. "What is this?"
asked in awe. "The spirit world." it answered
monotonously. I guess it was used to this. "How do
find Philip?" "We have to look , which all the way
the back, because he died recently." We walked for
forever and then rested on the grey grassy floor. "C
before we go to sleep for tonight, we can't stay her
over a week or else the guards will make you stay
forever." "Guards?" "Yeah..." of course there was. So
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“Hey, what’s that on your arm?” “Nothing, shut up
I’m starting to wonder, why am I going all this way
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sound like a sociopath. I guess becoming so numb
had me like this. But yeah, where even am I? Like,
home and I’m in the middle of nowhere with some
just met to save one guy I kind of liked. Whatever,
for him. I should’ve just killed myself too. It would
been way easier to meet him that way. The spirit w
doesn’t seem so bad to stay in. But then Dawn and
mom would be sad. Oh, wait, we’re at a stop. Cool
We’re gonna rest for today. Bye!

"Ivy." I was at home now and I heard a voice whispering my name. I'm probably just being delusional. "Ivy, you're not being delusional. Also I can hear your thoughts." Oh shit. It knows how weird my mind is. "Yeah, I do. You're kinda weird." "I know." "Just kidding, I'll try to be nice. I'm a good spirit. You should come with me to the spirit world to get your boyfriend back from the dead. I wonder why he did it?" "Stop. Don't say that. Wait. I can bring him back?" "You only have a few more days left before his funeral, and when his funeral happens, he's like, completely dead and there's no turning back." "Ok, so how do I do that?" "Just come with me and I'll explain it. Hold onto my hand." "How do I know I should trust you?" "Just come on. It's your last chance." I was hesitant. I just met this ghost. But if I really want Philip back, I had to. As I tried to think, it kept whispering in my ear. "Do it." I sat on my bed for a few minutes before I made the decision. "Ok." "Just come with me, I'll stop listening to your thoughts now."

I grabbed its hand. I closed my eyes and waited. O
way there, I opened them again. I was in the air, i
totally different world. It was black and grey with
purple streaks of nothing across the sky. It was
beautiful. Then I fell to the ground. "What is this?"
asked in awe. "The spirit world." it answered
monotonously. I guess it was used to this. "How do
find Philip?" "We have to look , which all the way
the back, because he died recently." We walked for
forever and then rested on the grey grassy floor. "C
before we go to sleep for tonight, we can't stay her
over a week or else the guards will make you stay
forever." "Guards?" "Yeah..." of course there was. So
brings me to now, where we have to begin our jou
“Hey, what’s that on your arm?” “Nothing, shut up
I’m starting to wonder, why am I going all this way
him? I honestly was on my path to acceptance, but
whatever. If it’ll help me be more happy, sure. Gos
sound like a sociopath. I guess becoming so numb
had me like this. But yeah, where even am I? Like,
home and I’m in the middle of nowhere with some
just met to save one guy I kind of liked. Whatever,
for him. I should’ve just killed myself too. It would
been way easier to meet him that way. The spirit w
doesn’t seem so bad to stay in. But then Dawn and
mom would be sad. Oh, wait, we’re at a stop. Cool
We’re gonna rest for today. Bye!

Sometimes I wonder why Philip killed himself. He
happy family and great friends, while I have neith
been days as this crush starts to fade, and eventual
like we'd be great as friends instead. But I still kin
him. I still wish I could kiss him, or hold his hand,
wish there was none of this drama. I would've nev
here if Philip didn't kill himself. But here I am. I lo
think. I'm still going to be here for you. Now, I sho
explain the reality of where I am right now. The en
It's like a liminal space. The gravity is lower and n
really makes sense.

It's like a labyrinth except you know absolutely no
Everything is different but you have to reach your
Anyways, I kept following the ghost. I was wander
mindlessly until I heard something. "Ivy, come her
there I saw it. The doors. I tried to open one, but i
was another spirit world. Had I been traveling thro
wrong place? "How am I supposed to know where
now!?" I exclaimed. "Calm down, it's ok. He shoul
the grey, grassy one. But we have to be quick, we
caught trying to resurrect someone." Wait, what? W
illegal here? "What do you mean?" It looked at me
completely serious, and after a pause for a few sec
whispered. "You're not supposed to resurrect peop

There's consequences. We can't let the living know truth after you die. Then everyone's world views w different, and it'll get really complicated-y'know… to be quiet about this." Never really thought about that. Then I started thinking about the morality of more.

Was this the right thing to do? I wasn't even thinking about if he even wanted back, I just wanted my own little boyfriend. I was being so selfish, but I have to keep going, because then this would all be for nothing. I just want to see his face again, or hear his voice. But that makes me wonde how will he feel seeing me again? Will he want to see me? This is all too much at once, I have to kee walking.

We're gonna keep walking until we find a good pla rest. Oh, wait, we found one. A nice patch of grass last thing I'll write here for today is that the view l incredible, the purple sky you see right before you asleep.

It's the next day and I think we found the doors of

deaths in the town I live in. There's some random
I don't know like Sarah Williams and Gary Jones.
look to the right. Philip Anderson. I slowly open th
door, and he's there, but…different? He's staring a
dead eyes, a mark on his neck where the rope was.
to tear up remembering what his body looked like.
did this have to happen? Why am I here?" he says.
looks away, sitting his face on his knees. I walk int
room and sit next to him. "Philip?" I smile and wa
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replies softly. "I…love you. Or, I did. I don't even
anymore. You're not the same." He then proceeds
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keep being here lonely. My own fault." Of course t
would happen. It's never resolved so quick like you
it will be. We'll just be distant now. Long distance.
be in the sky, and I'll be on the ground. If this cont
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who I am in this quest. Nothing feels the same. No
will ever be like it used to be. It will always end w
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for a while. We lie down together as he traces the
on my arms. But then reality sits in about this who
thing.

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and start thinking. I could stay here forever with him,
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as I can. I just can't get too hung up on it. I'm cryin
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